New York Tribune

First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements

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Blocs and Bargainers

Senator Lenroot, of Wisconsin, is not an insurgent sensationalist or a professional troublemaker. He is of orderly and sensible mind. His temperament is not one which urges him to go on the warpath. Yet Senator Lenroot deemed it his duty to tell his colleagues that it was highly doubtful whether he would vote for the McCumber-Fordney tariff bill.

Senator Edge, of New Jersey, a business man of conservative temper, who represents a great manufacturing state, feels impelled to give a similar warning. A stalwart protectionist, he is not satisfied that the bill as it now stands is in the national interest. He favors postponement of action until international business conditions are normal and there is a base from which to judge production costs and thus to measure protection.

Senator Borah's criticism may be discounted, and the advice of Senator La Follette, who isn't happy except in opposition, may be rejected; but it means something when men like Senators Lenroot and Edge express profound dissatisfaction. When the final test comes it cannot be that an immature and inopportune permanent tariff bill will be jammed through by blocs and bargainers. There is no evidence that the Republican party, much less the country, asks the passage of the McCumber-Fordney bill.

Settling the Law

In a clarifying opinion supporting a decision rejecting the appeals of Gitlow and Larkin, convicted on indictments for criminal anarchy, Judge Hiscock, in behalf of a unanimous Court of Appeals, settles the law with respect to a matter long in controversy.

The right to advocate a forcible overthrow of our form of government and to set up in its place a dictatorship does not exist in this state. The constitutional provisions which guarantee free speech do not give protection to criminal anarchy. A man may urge such changes in government as seem good to him, but not change by force. Free speech and free assemblage were established to give democracy a chance to express itself freely. They may not be used to negative this grand objective.

Moreover, language used and methods employed to promote a particular propaganda are to be judged in their natural tendency and effect. The law of libel is that a newspaper cannot escape responsibility by saying it did not mean what others thought it meant. The test is what the average person understands. So it is with respect to criminal anarchy. "Some things are so commonly incident to others," luminously remarks Judge Hiscock, "that they do not need to be mentioned when the greater subject is described."

Free speech and free assemblage are the watchdogs for majority rule and change by orderly and peaceable processes. When they convert themselves into wolves and seek to prey on the sheepfold they may not plead constitutional right.

Without Prejudice

Were Americans not a just and fair-minded people some might forget that Carl T. Vogelgesang was born in Calaveras County, Calif., and protest against his promotion to the grade of rear admiral of the navy and his assignment to the command of our greatest naval base.

But Americans are not prejudiced against names nor against native or adopted citizens of German extraction. Schurz and Sigel fought valiantly in the Civil War, and would have fought as valiantly for America had they lived in 1918. Men of German names and of German family served with honor both in the army and navy and in civil positions during the World War and were accorded the honors and promotion that they deserved.

What the people of the country cannot abide is the hyphenate—the man of German birth or extraction who in declaring that he is a German-American means that he is not an American at all and that his sympathies are with the autocracy that sought to destroy the world and made unprovoked war upon America.

Admiral Vogelgesang has rendered distinguished service in the navy and has proved himself perfectly capable of the command of one of the most important departments of the service, which is given him with his new rank.

His citizenship has never been coupled to a hyphen and his loyalty has never been clouded with a suspicion that his sympathies were not wholly with his own country.

The promotion that has been given to him would have been given as readily had he been born in Germany. Yet hyphenates continue to whine about America's lack of liberality and tolerance!

The Staggering Cost of Strikes

It has been estimated that 10,000,000 working hours are wasted every day because of existing strikes. At a moderate appraisal this means a money loss of $5,000,000 a day, or of $30,000,000 a week. Thirty million a week is a billion and a half a year.

The actual loss of working hours and wages, however, is but a small part of the cost of the strikes to the country.

The coal strike alone, in curtailment of production and lack of fuel, will levy a tax on industry many times greater than any tax the government would dare impose.

Every day that the railroad strike continues losses are sustained by business that would be beyond belief could they be accurately estimated.

Merchants are already suffering from the effects of the railroad strike through late shipments and the tardy arrival of employees due to the delays or suspension of commutation trains.

But continuance of present strikes will cost billions of dollars, and these billions of dollars, which come directly out of the pockets of the people, will have to be made up—if they can ever be made up—by redoubled effort in the future.

With more than a million men not working, the expenses of peace are greater than the cost of war.

Whatever may be the merits of the many controversies between employers and employees, it is certain that the chief losers will be the general public. Yet some say the public has no right to intervene.

Garrett for Senator

Senator France, Maryland's Red Republican, will have as his opponent in the Maryland Senatorial primaries John W. Garrett, secretary general of the Washington conference and for many years in the diplomatic service.

The choice before the Maryland Republicans lies, therefore, between a radical whose term in the Senate has been chiefly conspicuous for his championship of Teutonism and Bolshevism and a sane liberal who has devoted his life to the service of his country. France appeals to the radical and the foreign elements in Maryland. Mr. Garrett hopes for the support of sensible Americans.

Mr. Garrett is of the type of Pinchot, Pepper and Beveridge. A scholar and diplomat, he brings to his political adventure a high sense of public duty. Like Pinchot he is more interested in serving than in holding office. Like Pepper he has long been a leader in public movements. Like Beveridge he is a progressive.

If Maryland sends him to the Senate he will be an important figure in the new guard, the little group of sanely liberal Senators whose influence during the coming years should be ever increasing. The eyes of the country will be on Maryland.

The Canadian Border

The purpose of the Canadian Premier's visit to Washington is to discuss the framing of a new treaty to perpetuate the ideals which the framers of the Rush-Bagot agreement had in mind for eliminating armament along the Canadian border.

Immediately after the termination of the War of 1812 word was received in Washington that the British contemplated increasing their naval forces on the Great Lakes. "It is evident," John Monroe, Secretary of State to President Madison, wrote to John Quincy Adams, Minister to England, "if each party augments its force there with a view to obtaining the ascendancy over the other, that vast expense will be incurred and the danger of collision augmented in like degree. . . . The President . . . therefore authorizes you to propose to the British government such an arrangement respecting the naval force to be kept on the lakes by both governments as will demonstrate their pacific policy and secure their peace."

As a result of this proposal it was agreed to limit the navies of each power to one vessel not exceeding 100 tons burden and armed with one eighteen-pound cannon on Lake Ontario, two on the upper lakes and one on Lake Champlain.

This treaty, although approved by the Senate and in force now for over a century, can be terminated upon six months' notice by either side. The United States in 1865 gave such notice, but later withdrew it. To remove this terminating clause and to permit of an adjustment of the naval and revenue forces to the changed conditions on the lakes since the introduction of steam navigation and the enormous development of traffic are the two principal reasons for making a new treaty. On several previous occasions, notably in 1898, such a revision was proposed, but heretofore nothing has been done.

The Canadian Prime Minister rightly points out that this agreement affected the deliberations of the Washington conference. Certainly it is one of the greatest factors for peace and harmony in the relations of two neighboring countries. Because of it the United States and Canada have been spared the friction and cost of armed frontiers. The result has been to draw the two peoples together.

This country, without a dissenting voice, says amen to the proposal of the Canadian Premier.

Britain's Come-Back

In June, 1914, the merchandise exports and re-exports of Great Britain amounted to £48,000,000; in June, 1922, according to figures just published, they amounted to £60,000,000. Imports similarly increased from £58,000,000 in 1914 to £84,000,000 this year.

Part of the increases are, of course, nominal—are due to the fact that the pound has not yet par gold value. Nevertheless the showing is a remarkable one. It reveals how Great Britain has come back through hard work and the intelligent application of human energy. In the war British people did not dishonor their great national tradition. In peace, despite senseless disturbances of industry by those of a Bolshevist spirit, they again run true to form.

The excess of imports in June was £23,000,000, or approximately $100,000,000 at the present value of the pound. This means that Great Britain, through her shipping, her insurance and interest on her investments abroad, is once again in the way of prosperity. She has not borrowed—on the contrary has rather been lending—yet through her invisible credits she is able to pay for $100,000,000 worth of goods in one month.

Poison Gas

In compliance with the Washington treaty General Pershing has ordered that the manufacture of poison gases be discontinued except in limited quantities for experimental purposes.

The use of poison gas has always been particularly repugnant to Americans. We have inherited in this country the tradition of open fighting, of matching man against man. This necessarily implies a certain idea of sportsmanship which is revolted by methods that give the opponent no chance whatsoever. This tradition was one of the handicaps of the British and of our own soldiers during the war, as it led to acts of unnecessary daring which our Continental allies regarded as foolhardy. "You cannot fight men against machinery" was the lesson the French constantly were trying to teach us. But even when we had learned it we felt that against machinery—that is, against shells and machine guns—we had at least a chance.

But not so with gas. Gas is so sneaking and wreaks such horrible torture upon its victims that it stands as a hated thing. Masks offer protection for a while against certain gases. But they do not prevent the burning by mustard gas, and while being worn they render life almost unendurable.

Who knows what new horrors a new war will bring forth? In the mean time, however, Americans cannot but welcome any earnest attempts to limit the use of this, the worst horror that the late war produced. Gas as a weapon should be altogether abolished. After limitation should come elimination.

The New Superstitions

As much mischief can be done by leading the credulous to believe that radium will cure every known disease or that "life crystals" will mend all human ills as by persuading them that they can communicate with departed relatives.

The intelligent scientist is extremely careful when he makes known a new discovery lest an undue importance be attached to it by wonder seekers and believers in miracle men.

For many years after electricity had been harnessed by man curative powers which it never possessed were attributed to it, and thousands of deluded people pathetically sought to heal incurable afflictions by its use.

The same is true of the Roentgen rays and is true of radium, which has been thus far found of benefit in only a few instances.

The fact that every new discovery or invention is seized upon by the Sunday supplements of conscienceless newspapers and paraded as a panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to makes the responsibility of the scientist very great.

He arrives at his inventions and discoveries by a slow, careful sifting of evidence and by severe laboratory tests. In announcing them he sometimes forgets that the minds of millions of people are unscientific and that they are prone to look upon the wonders of science as supernatural.

Flamboyant exploitation of scientific developments adds to the danger of making them public without careful statements concerning them.

The scientist's business is painstaking investigation. He little recks of the harm that can be done through sensational publicity concerning the facts that he brings to light. It is not his fault that he raises false hopes too often, and so frequently fills the minds of other people with a modern substitute for oldtime superstitions.

But he would benefit himself and be of greater service to the world if he took as much pains in revealing the truth as he does in discovering it.

With young T. R. a candidate for Senator on the Republican ticket and Franklin D. running for the same office on the Democratic ticket, the family may be split, but the name will not fade from the public memory.

Germany doesn't care what kind of moratorium she gets so long as it is permanent.

More Truth Than Poetry

By James J. Montague

Biologists

Biologists are men who try
To probe the habits of the fly,
To find why clams are satisfied
In muddy water to abide,
To seek the reason that the mole
Takes little thought of birth control,
And how the conger eel contrives
To keep the peace with nineteen wives.

They hunt these creatures to their lairs
To learn their intimate affairs;
To read the thoughts they have at heart
They often take them all apart.
In vain can animals disguise
Their feelings from such prying eyes,
They talk and think about them more
Than we do of the folks next door.

They force the spider to reveal
Small vices he would fain conceal,
They make the morals of the trout
Material to write about.
With curiosity profound
They chase the angle worm around,
To catch him in some foolish act
And tell the world about the fact.

The lower animals, so called,
With men's affairs are not enthralled;
They move through woods and streams and ferns,
And strictly mind their own concerns.
No scrap of knowledge do they crave
On how biologists behave,
And though they sometimes growl or bite,
They know that prying's not polite.

Special Privilege

Judging by the cable dispatches, Italy has got a concession from the League of Nations for a small private war in Tripoli.

All Over the Place

Every time a correspondent gets lost in China he discovers three or four hitherto unknown wars.

Still Kiplingesque

The Bear that Walked Like a Man has become The Absent-Minded Beggar.

(Copyright by James J. Montague)

A War Memorial

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The problem of the best use of the site of the reservoir in Central Park seems to be inseparable in the public mind from the problem of a memorial to our soldiers and sailors who fell in the late war. Might I offer a suggestion which may be a solution?

Manhattan Island is the spot on this earth that is most overcrowded with man's unsightly handiwork—bricks, mortar, stone. To pile more masonry on our congested little island as a memorial to our soldier dead seems to me unworthy. To erect this masonry in Central Park would be an act of desecration.

Man-made stone arches were symbols of the conqueror and his conquering army. Slaves and booty were fittingly dragged at the chariot wheels beneath the arch of triumph. But such was not our victory in the World War, and such should not be the memorial to our dead.

What will best symbolize the cause for which they died? What was that cause? It was not booty or conquest or glory. The cause for which they died was peace. And the most fitting symbol of their martyrdom would be a grove of mighty trees symbolic of peace, lasting peace on earth.

Let us build on the site of the reservoir such a silent sanctuary where pavement-weary city dwellers may come and find in the refreshing peace of God's trees a reminder of that peace for which our soldiers died.

In the words of a soldier-poet who gave his life in the war: Arches, masonry and even "books are made by fools like me, but only God can make a tree."

NATHAN STRAUS JR.

New York, July 13, 1922.

A Possible Economy

(From The Chicago Daily News)

After its orgy of war and extravagance the civilized world can at least save daylight.

The Tower

THE POPLAR TREE

THE oak's a Druid, sage and hoar,
The elm's a princess fair;
The poplar is a troubador,
Who hums a dreamy air.
The aspen trees are flirts who call
The winds with them to dance;
But poplars, standing straight and tall,
Sing virelais of France.

The matron maple's branches hold
The robins to her breast;
In apple crotches, gnarled and old,
The bluebird builds her nest.
The poplar haughty arms upflings
These hostesses among;
He stands, a celibate, and sings
An old Provençal song.

When night comes walking through the land,
And willow fronds hang still;
When stark as graven columns stand
The cedars on the hill;
When moonbeams dare not venture through
The pine limbs' prison bars;
The poplar sings the whole night through
To serenade the stars.

On a sweat-producing day like yesterday a columnist could do nothing more than his daily task and kid himself into thinking he was working like the mischief.

All we hope is that there is still a stump of the North Pole remaining unmelted when Mr. Stefansson gets there.

The Fast-Color Correspondent

(From The Times)

On the mantelpiece lay some lumps of coal. The correspondent picked up one and rubbed his hand on it without making it dirty.

"Maynicke & Francke," proclaims The Tribune, "have filed plans with the Manhattan Bureau of Buildings for the construction of a nineteen-year-old hotel" . . . The Tower announces exclusively that Lincoln Krueger is about to enter into negotiations with the above firm for the erection of a centenarian bungalow.

TWINKLETOWN

We call the little hamlet Twinkletown,
Because its clustered lights beside the stream,
When daylight fades and darkness settles down,
Shine through the summer night with starlike gleam.

By day the verdant trees its houses hide,
At night alone can we see Twinkletown
From our far eyrie on the mountainside—
A bit of starry heaven, upside down.

B. A. S.

The Greeks are about to attack Constantinople. They apparently believe the Sick Man of Europe should travel for his health.

J. Throckmorton Cush, Outdoor Man

Mr. J. Throckmorton Cush likes to speak of himself as an "outdoor man." He grows almost lyric at times in his praises of the open road. That does not mean that Mr. Cush is addicted to tramping. He seeks the far horizon in his automobile. When starting on one of his tours Mr. Cush hangs over the rear of the tonneau a flannel pennon emblazoned with the name of his home town. If the tour is extensive others are added to this until the back of the Cush machine looks like a Presidential message in flag signals.

There was also a placard announcing "Excuse My Dust" that Mr. Cush used to attach to the rear construction, but the ribald remarks of motorists who passed him on the road—Mr. Cush is a most cautious driver—eventually forced him to remove it.

The mileage turned in by the Cush car each day is not impressive. This is partly due to the fidelity with which Mr. Cush observes the speed limit fixed by each township through which he journeys and also to the length of time it takes to have the gasoline tank refilled. It is Mr. Cush's conviction that the gasoline pumps now used were invented only for the purpose of defrauding the innocent. Hence, he carries a gallon measure with him and insists that the liquid be pumped into this and then emptied into the tank.

Although an enthusiastic motorist, Mr. Cush is fondest of "roughing it." He has had a three-room portable house set up on the shore of Greenwood Lake, N. J., and to this he and Mrs. Cush frequently retire to commune with nature. Mrs. Cush wanted to call it Camp Happy Hour, but Mr. Cush pointed out the alliterative advantages of Kamp Kush, and so it was named.

Persons who have visited "the shack," as Mr. Cush terms it in his rougher moments, pronounce Mr. Cush a true son of the wilderness. He rides them about in a boat to which an outboard motor is attached, while Mrs. Cush makes frequent excursions to the woodpile in the endeavor to induce the stove to cook the dinner.

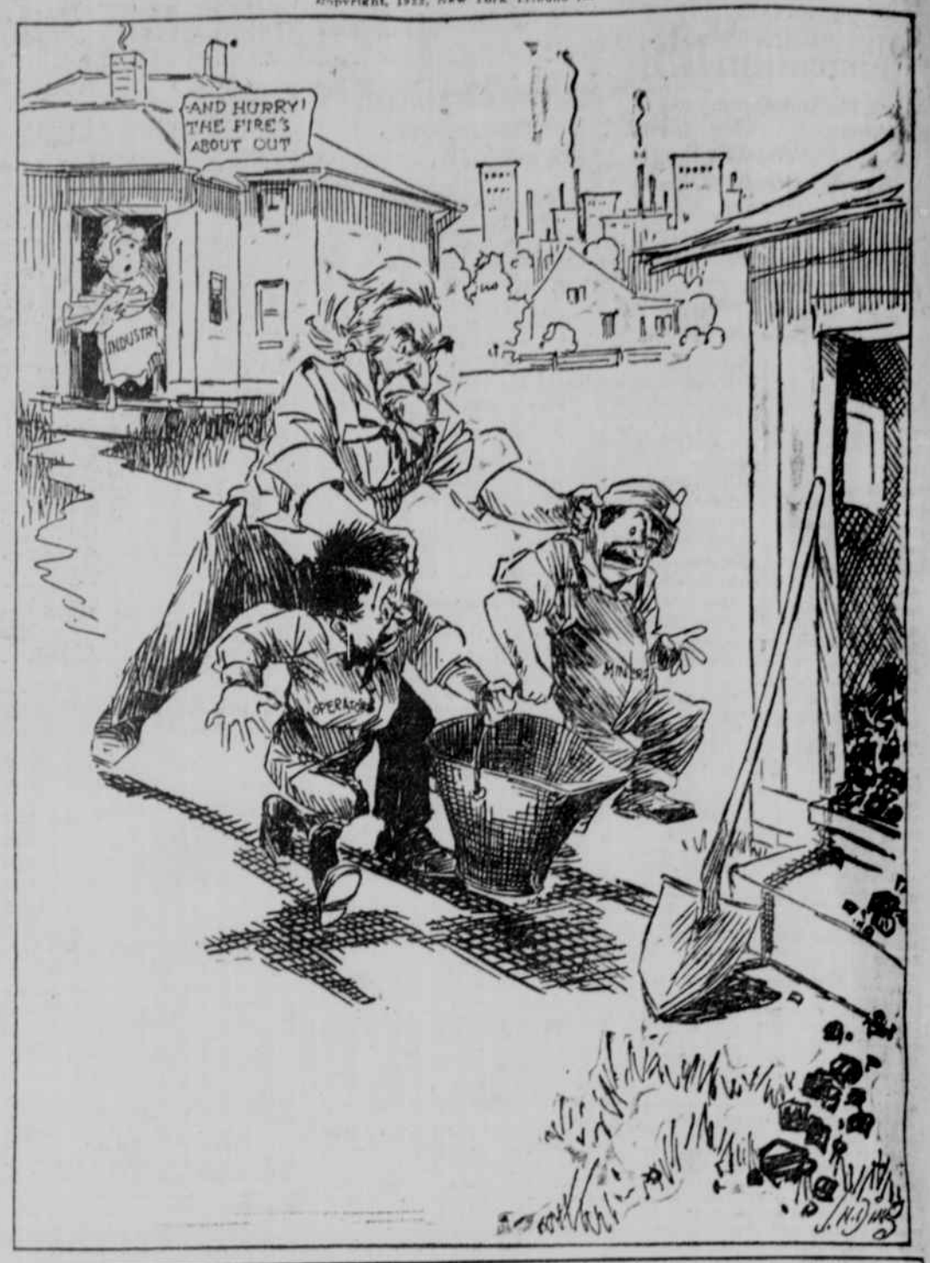
Enemies of Mr. Cush—all strong men, he says, have them—wonder why Mr. Cush, since he loves "God's country" so deeply, never returns to his native hamlet, from which he came to New York to make his fortune. The statute of limitations must have expired long ago, they say.

With the vagaries of fashion we concern ourself but little. Generally, it makes little difference in our life who fixes them or why. Yet we think we'd cherish in the inmost temple of our heart the name of the style ruler who would ban the use of handkerchiefs during July and August and adopt in its place the old-fashioned, generous sponge the liverymen used to wash buggies with.

Oh, may he, who says from his depths of stupidity:
"It isn't the heat; it is just the humidity."
In quitting this life with a temperature meet
Where humidity ain't, but there's plenty of heat.

F. F. V.

TALK TURKEY TO 'EM, UNCLE



The Passion for Noise

By Hildegarde Hawthorne

A marked characteristic in our modern American life is the increasing passion for noise that fills young and old. Silence, even near-silence, is apparently a thing to dread and to escape at any hazard of worn nerves and aching heads.

In our cities noise is habitual. Our streets are routes of clamor, the horns on our trucks and pleasure cars are louder than the trumpet notes of victorious armies, there is the rat-a-tat of the steel workers riveting iron buildings, the smaller but almost as insistent rattle of the steam drill working on pavements that are torn up for one or another purpose, the hoarse shouts and bellowings that rend the air from men and boys pushing handcarts or driving wagons. Children at play make an inconceivable amount of noise, and steadily the clangor of the streetcars rends what might be a moment of something less than uproar.

Not content with all this racket, you will see a cluster of persons always listening to the mechanical pianos or talking machines set in an open shop window, playing the latest pieces of popular music or shrieking out the latest patter song. Close as possible the crowd is herded to these things, raucous beyond description as they are. At least, it is noise, and the passion for noise is being soothed even more directly than by the customary street turmoil, which is probably hardly heard by ears grown dull under constant drumming.

Taking Noise to Camp

Go forth into the country and you find everywhere that stillness is abhorred and noise craved.

Not a camp, not a bungalow without its noise-making instrument. The wind may be sighing in pine trees, the brook murmuring over rocks, but these things are unnoticed, for they are sound, not noise. Whang-bang, clatter-clash goes the Victor from each human shelter. Even should you penetrate beyond the reach of the tent or the bungalow you do not get away from noise. Wherever there is a group of human beings there will be some instrument for making noise going full tilt. Often the talking machine is dragged along in canoe or boat or motor car to be set up on a rock and set going the instant there is a pause. Anything, anything but the music of the forest, the soft harmonies of nature, the deep silence of a fall night, when even crickets and frogs are stilled.

This passion for noise and the capacity for making it is stronger here in the East than in the West. Coney Island on a holiday is perhaps the noisiest place in the world, but Balboa Beach, Calif., where I spent one Fourth and found the place crowded with holiday makers, was almost quiet. Californians have soft voices, and they seem content to enjoy themselves in the open without shrieking and shouting and without noise machines. There will be some clatter of the so-called music in mountain camps like the charming little place high up on Mount Baldy, back of Los Angeles, where pines cluster and the rushing mountain stream chants its own song, but very little and never prolonged into the night. But in the national parks the tourists, coming from all over and largely from the East, clamor for clamor and are beginning to get it in the different hotels and permanent camps. When I mentioned to some one that I liked especially to go to Long's Peak Inn, in Rocky Mountain National Park, because there was no canned music permitted there, the response was "But how terribly quiet it must be!"

What is the reason for this increasing demand for noise? It would seem more natural, in the rush and pressure of our existence, to ask for peace than to howl for commotion, where peace might be procured. Surely, there is something dangerous in living forever in the midst of clamor. Certainly such a life is inimical to reflection, even to thought. The ever-increasing amount of nervous disorders, of high blood pressure, of irritable temper might be traced to the utter banishing of silence from most persons' lives. The healing powers of silence have force over the spirit, deepen and calm the mind. To remove silence utterly from existence is to risk the loss of an essential quality necessary to health if not to happiness.

The Forgotten Silence

The worst of the noise makers is that they make noise not only for those who love it, but for those who would fain get away from it. If noise stopped at the brink of door or window you could escape. But the lover of silence is doomed. There is no hope for him in modern America unless he can afford to isolate himself in a place big enough to insulate him from the racketing of his neighbors. To be sure of escaping from the din you need to be in the middle of at least half a mile of human-free lands, or surrounded by as much water. Few of us can achieve that.

We are told that advertising will get you anything. There must be a number of people left who do want at least a measure of stillness in life, some hours of calm and quiet. They need to get together and put the idea over. Advertise the sweetness and hygienic value of silence, build retreats for those who seek it, set up training places where you can be taught to be quiet and to love quiet. We have our concert rooms—why not our silence rooms? Good music is not noise but sound, and normal existence delights in sound; but normal existence delights also in silence, and if we are willing to buy beautiful sound we ought to be able to buy beautiful silence somewhere, too.

What Readers Are Thinking

Helping Educate Negroes

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I am in the backwoods of Alabama, sixteen miles from town or railroad, where for three years I have been doing what I could to help improve the backward conditions among the colored people.

There is quite a mass of them in here. They are as a rule very poor. Farming is the only work, except that a few sawmills are scattered about and employ some of the boys and men some of the time. Many of the larger boys and men have left the community. Women and children, boys and girls of school age, do most of the farm work. Life for them is hard. They have almost no money most of the time—little at best. Yet they are hopeful.

No public school is provided for the hundreds of children about us. There are several hundred within walking distance of the Kowalla School—the biggest and best in the county for negro children. It is a private school, supported wholly by voluntary contributions. Our school plant, of 122 acres, five good buildings and some livestock, is still in good condition, free from debt, and is increasingly helpful in the community life.

We are trying to give the children a good elementary education, including domestic science, shop work and agriculture. We are trying to wake up their minds, fire their ambition, lift up their ideals and point the way for them to a larger life. It is a task, for there is pulling against us poverty, the deadweight of the great mass of ignorance that has hung on for years, and seeming contentment that with many has grown up, too. But the task can be done, and is slowly being done.

We have just closed what was said to be one of the most successful terms in the life of the school. Six boys and girls finished our course, all anxious to go on with their studies until better fitted for service. All went immediately to work at what was available—farm work in the community.

I am hoping that Tribune readers will want to share with us again in the work. I know that they are busy elsewhere with calls—but here is one of the very needy sections of the Southland, where the condition of the neglected mass helps to make more complex and difficult the problem of the race. Here are hundreds of children not provided for by county or state or nation who cannot provide for themselves through their parents.

Our regular school term is about eight months. Some of the work is kept up all the year. It takes $7,000 to carry it. Hardly any of the money is guaranteed to us. From day to day, and from week to week, throughout the year, the task of trying to find the means must be faced.

If the needs were not so real and fundamental and our work of such vital importance in the effort to meet the needs, I would not urge its consideration upon anybody, but I am for the time the voice of the neglected children, and must call in spite of my preference not to do so.

Checks are made out to C. Ames Brooks, treasurer, or to C. A. Powell, principal, and sent direct to the school.

For further information write the principal.

C. A. POWELL.

Benson, Ala., July 8, 1922.

Why Change the Anthem?

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: "The Star-Spangled Banner" is our national music, so it must answer until the nation decides on something grander. If our anthem suggests hatred, it is a sentiment against tyranny and oppression. And such is the "Marseillaise," vindictive against "the hateful dagger tyrants wield," etc.

Mr. Muck, a German orchestra leader, refused to allow the American anthem to be played by his band just previous to our entrance into the war. I remember the howl against Muck on account of it—and he got out. It is time enough to change our music when time brings us something decidedly better and more appropriate.

WILLIAM HARRIS.

Jersey City, N. J., July 10, 1922.